

be with us and we shall be forever in God's house. Well may we sing *now*

"O Lord incline our weary feet,
To stand on Zion's sacred hill,
And there within his temple meet
To seek, to know, and do thy will."

That we may continue to sing

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood."

And to sing truly

"Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise."
"Sure as thy truth shall last
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven."

Logansport, Ind.

DUTY

W. B. COBAUGH

Duty is, or should be, the worker's watchword. There is, I am sorry to say, among men a low conception of duty. So many fail to realize the extent of the word. We may gather something from the meaning of the word. Webster says, "Duty—That which is due from one person to another." There is no nobler word in the English language than duty. When a man owes another he is due to him, and it is his duty to pay what he owes. If I owe my neighbor ten dollars, it is not only my duty to pay that neighbor but it ought to be a pleasure as well.

1. Duty may be made slavish. If I owe my neighbor and the time for settlement of the debt comes and I let it go unnoticed or if that neighbor comes to me or notifies me that the debt is due and still I refuse to settle and then he resorts to the law and compels me to pay him, then I make the duty slavish.

2. Duty may be done conscientiously and gladly. When a man pays a debt because he knows that he owes it and that it is a pleasure to pay the obligation, then it will be conscientious and gladly. The man who pays an obligation because the law says he must is as bad as a robber. The law says, "Thou shalt not steal," but the robber steals and thus breaks one of God's laws. The man who pays an obligation because the law says he must, does it grudgingly or covetously, and the law says, "Thou shalt not covet," so he breaks one of God's laws and is therefore on an equality with the robber for God says, "Whoever shall break one of the least of these my commandments, he shall be guilty of them all."

The New Testament gives testimony that "duty" is a New Testament word. The Old Testament has three times as many pages as the New yet the words expressive of duty, debt, debtor, obligation, etc., are far more numerous in the

New than in the Old according to the number of pages. The word ought occurs six times in the Old Testament, while it occurs thirteen times in the New. "Must" nine times in the Old, ten in the New. "Commandment" or "commandments" two hundred and ten times in the Old and one hundred times in the New. "Duty" or "dues" three times in the Old, three times in the New. "Debt" or "debtors" five times in the Old, Thirteen times in the New.

Duty may be summed up in the following general principles: 1. It is most unselfish in a person who has a higher motive in duty than selfish pleasure. 2. An obligation kept because one loves to keep it is a motive to be cultivated. 3. The emotional life of the Christian is always supported by the sense of duty. The conscience occupies the same foundation as the structure it rests upon. 4. For the foundation of all good works there should be the substruction duty. 5. Duty is the best watchword that a Christian worker or minister of the gospel can have. If they allow duty to lead them they will always be found busy in the work of the Master. 6. The two, so-called love and duty, are one. It should be the duty of every Christian then to keep their obligations no matter how trivial for the world is watching us to see if we are conscientiously true to our promises.

Therefore let us pay our vows and have a clear conscience before God and man.

Filley, Neb.

HELP YEARNED FOR

C. H. WETHERBE

Doubtless there are many unconverted who often yearn for help from some Christian to lead him to the Savior, but who frequently fail to get such help.

The late Miss Frances R. Havergal, in one of her books, in referring to a class of young girls whom she had gathered to her home to teach them in singing songs, says: "A few years afterward I sat by the bedside of one of these girls, the most gifted of them all with both heart and head. She had been led by a wonderful way, and through long and deep suffering, into far clearer light than I enjoyed and had witnessed for Christ in more ways than one, and far more brightly than I had ever done. She told me how sorrowfully and eagerly she was seeking Jesus at the time of those singing classes, and I never knew it, because I never asked, and she was too shy to speak first. But she told me more, and every word was a pang to me, how she used to linger in the avenue on those summer evenings, longing that I would speak to her about the Savior; how she hoped, week after week, that I would just stretch out a hand to help her, just say one little word that might

be God's message of peace to her, instead of the pleasant general remarks about the nice hymns and tunes, and I never did! And she went on for months, I think for years after, without the light and gladness which it might have been my privilege to bring to her life."

Such a confession others might sadly make. Only God knows how many there are who are yearning for some Christian to say some word or point them to some truth which shall help them into Christ's kingdom. O, how often we let slip our precious opportunities!

Home Circle

LOST HOURS

"I say good night and go up stairs,
And then undress and say my prayers
Beside my bed, and then jump in it,
And then—the very nextest minute

"The morning sun comes in to peep
At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep;
But seems to me," said little Ted,
"It's not worth while to go to bed."

—Sidney Dayre, in *St. Nicholas*.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

When grandma came into the room where the children were, she saw Ted staring out of the window with a scowl on his forehead. Mary Esther was lying stretched out on the floor, drumming her heels up and down, and Dick was pulling the cat's tail.

"What is the trouble, Teddy?" she asked, sitting down in her chair.

"Oh, this rain is such a bother!" said Ted. "I was going over to John's to make a bird house, and I took my tools over last night to have them there, and now I can't go because it rains."

"I saw a carpenter making a mud house the other morning without tools," began grandma; and the three children came and clustered around her.

"And that wasn't all," she went on; "he had no arms, and he made it with his head."

"He acted very oddly, too," said grandma, lifting Dick up on her lap. "First, he rubbed his floor in, and he sang a little song as he did it. Then he went off for more mud. When he got back, he walked in every direction but the right one, and I thought he had lost his way; but I really think he wanted to make me stop watching him, for he finally got there, and he went on building, always singing his queer little song. After his pile of mud was large enough, he pressed his head against one end until he had bored a little room in it."

"Where is his house?" asked Dick.

"Out in the roof of the back porch," said grandma, so they all scampered off to find it.

"Oh, yes!" said Ted. "There it is. It's a mud-dauber's nest."

"It's a wasp's, I think," said Dick. "Well, a mud-dauber is a wasp," said